

III.

Rowna hated that last spread open her portfolio. The first sketch that lay there was the original of the Warner homestead, a copy of which she had given Eunice.

Her companion reached out a long, slim hand with an imperative motion and took the sheet. But she did not say anything, though Rowna stood looking at her with dilated, hoping and fearing eyes.

Every sketch was taken out and gazed upon slowly and keenly, and in silence.

At last Rowna could bear it no longer. She walked to the easel, where this woman had been at work.

Presently a voice close beside her asked: "What do you think of it?"

"I think it is bad," said Rowna.

"And you dare to tell me so?"

"Why not tell you so, since you asked me?"

The country girl turned an astonished glance at her interlocutor, who answered it angrily. "Mr. Allestre does not say it is bad," she remarked.

"Perhaps it isn't; I only think it is," responded Rowna humbly, "and I am very ignorant."

The other woman's face flushed and paled.

Every movement of hers had a certain graceful, final decision in it, and was rapid without being hurried. She took up a brush and drew it across the landscape in oil, which was almost finished, and her easel. A broad line of crimson paint was left on the picture. The action seemed to have dissipated her anger. She turned with a singularly sweet smile to the girl who was close to her.

"I knew it was bad all the time. I'm not a fool," she said, "but all my friends praised it. They said I 'must stick to my latest fad.' 'I was born to be an artist,' and all that rot. You have told me the truth; you can't lie. I might better have stuck to theology. What do you think of theology, Miss —?"

"Tuttle," said Rowna, and as she said that word a vivid vision of Mrs. Jarvis, and her mourning gown, and her hair rose before her.

"Miss Tuttle," said her companion promptly. "What idea have you formed about theology?"

"I don't know what it is," replied the girl blushing with shame.

"Nobody knows what it is," was the unexpected rejoinder, "but it is sometimes entertaining to talk as if we knew. A whole lot of us meet here and there and talk, and talk. It is great fun at first, but afterward it gets to be a bore. But one must do something, or what's the use of living in Boston?"

The speaker was standing directly in front of Rowna. She spoke in a voice that was not high or loud, but that could be heard with a peculiar distinctness, each word being like a perfectly finished bit of marble suddenly chipped off and sent out on its mission. It was evidently a habit, long cultivated, that she should speak thus.

Rowna tried to listen understandingly, but she was waiting for the master to come, and she was wishing she dared to ask what this stranger had thought of her sketches. But, of course, she did not liked them, or she would have told her so.

Just then the great door of the studio clanged again. A large man in a fur coat entered briskly.

"There is Allestre," said the woman in an undertone to Rowna, who began to tremble pitifully. She gathered her sketches hastily into her arms and hurried out toward the door.

Allestre saw her coming, and was sorry for her.

"Another poor devil who thinks she can paint," he said to himself as he threw off his cap and coat. She stood and waited.

"Well?" he said.

"What you look at these?"

Rowna now held herself straight and stiff. She was thinking she could go home. Her father and mother would be glad to see her. She could get a school.

The man glanced to where the other woman stood, far away, near her easel.

"Good morning, Miss Phillips," he said.

Rowna thought he dreaded to look at her work. Again she said to herself, "I can go home. If I can't get a school, I can do sloop work."

Allestre threw himself down in a long chair and put his legs on the foot-rest.

"Give them to me, please," he said.

She laid her armful across his knees. He took up a sheet.

"H'm," he said.

He took up another sheet. Again he said "H'm."

He had so much heard on his face that the girl could not make out one expression more than another, and at last she lowered her eyes and waited in despair.

Finally he turned himself sideways and looked at her.

"Did you want me to give you lessons?"

"Yes—if you think—"

"We'll make a beginning. Come to-morrow at 11."

He held out her sketches to her. She took them mechanically. It was all she could do to cry with relief and joy. Since Allestre would reach her there must be some promise in her work.

She did not know how she got to the door. As she was trying to open it Miss Phillips walked quickly to her.

"Here is your portfolio," she said. With two or three deft movements she fastened the sketches in place.

"Wait one moment outside for me," she said, and opened the door for Rowna, who stepped without, and stood, dazed and tremulous. She thought of Uncle Reuben, and hoped she should soon "git to runnin'."

The door swung open again, and Rowna was joined by Miss Phillips in heavy furs.

"It occurred to me that I could take you home," she said. "My carriage will be here. You seemed so overcome." The two went down the stairs.

"You were afraid Allestre would not take you?"

"Yes."

"He would not if he had not seen you had some talent. It's my opinion that you have a great deal. He took me because—I am Miss Phillips."

"With him. Where do you live? Hudson-st., driver."

Miss Phillips sat down beside Rowna, who was almost sure her senses were leaving her. But through the whole time a shrewd cold sense she had enabled her to guess that her companion was a person who had whims, and who could afford to indulge them.

"I shall see you at the studio," remarked Miss Phillips.

"But you have spoiled your picture."

"I spoiled that long ago. I shall begin another. How old are you?"

"Almost twenty-two."

"And I'm thirty. I suppose you are very poor?"

"Yes."

"Don't look so proud. I'm not going to offer you alms. Is this your place? What is that sign over the basement window? 'Twenty-five tickets for three dollars—tickets for what?'"

"For meals."

"Oh! Do you hate tickets?"

"No. I'm going to do light housekeeping in my room at the top of the house."

"Oh! Cook your own meals? I should like that much better. Perhaps when you know me I'll tell you I'll invite me to lunch! You look as if you never would. Don't let your face show so plainly what you feel. What are you going to do evenings?"

was expected?" Rowena still hoped he would not be late.

"It is impossible to tell until I am under control," rather coldly answered Madame. And then they all went into the parlor, and the dozen ladies present all shook hands with Madame, and the one who had been already there nodded amiably at Madame's nephew.

They all sat down. Madame was opposite a closed card-table. At first there was a little desecracy, but very soon there was complete silence. Everybody looked at Madame save the stout young man, who looked at Rowena.

Madame continued to smile in a broad, general way, even after her elbows began to twitch and she had shut her feet.

All at once she crossed her legs in a very proper, principled manner. She placed one hand on her hip. She put the other hand to her face and appeared to be crying.

"God," said she, in a husky voice.

Everybody moved a little, in subdued wonder and admiration.

Then said Madame again: "seems to me there's a new girl here, isn't there?"

Mrs. administration.

"It's the Major," whispered some one.

Mrs. administration held up her finger for silence. Everybody listened breathlessly for more words of wisdom.

Madame asked for a cigar. She said something about a cocktail. She seemed to smoke and to drink. She was evidently now a personating medium.

Rowena was sorry for her. She did not really wish Mrs. administration in a very low tone if it wasn't wonderful.

But after a moment Rowena, in that clear voice of hers, asked if it was Major Stanger.

"Yes," said she, in a very low, quite electrically said it was very lucky that the Major had been killed, for he must have been horrid when in the flesh.

Rowena could not guess why such dangers were looked at her. She had forgotten that the Major had once been the husband of the medium. She was liable to forget such things, and therefore her remarks were not without a doubt.

But her chief simplicity, her kind, her simple, she now perceived, was sitting very near her, thrust his handkerchief into his mouth and looked at her over it with eyes that almost frightened her.

FOUR SIDE POCKETS TO THAT COAT.

AN OLD MAN FINDS SOME CIGARETTES BUT LOSES HIS CIGARS.

An old man with a florid face sat in a restaurant the other day talking business with another diner across the table. His coat was hanging on the wall beside him, and he was so earnestly engaged in conversation that when the meal was ended and he was ready to smoke he reached up his hand without looking at the coat. He took the pocket for the pocket of his overcoat. His hand reached impatiently all over the garment, found the pocket, went down into it and came forth empty. Then the old man searched for the other pocket. This was on the other side of the coat, next to the wall, and it took his straying hand some time to get into it. A look of surprise flashed over the old gentleman's face. He drew forth from the pocket a box of cigarettes. He put them down on the table and looked at them contemptuously.

"Cigarettes," he said, with a sniff. "Cigarettes. Somebody has stolen my cigar-case and left these things in my pocket."

The old man began to get angry and his face grew redder.

"Cigarettes," he snorted. "The scoundrel! Walter, waiter," he called, his voice rising in anger.

"Yes, sir."

"Who put these things in your pocket and stole my cigars?"

"I don't know, sir. I'll see about it, sir."

"You should know, sir. You know it."

"Let me look in your pockets, sir; you may be mistaken."

"Don't contradict me. I tell you they're stolen, and some one has put these d— things in my pocket."

"Let me look in your pocket again, sir. They may be there."

"You shan't look in my pocket. Don't you think I know what's in my pocket, and what isn't? I didn't just now hear that you had found these cigars. Now the old man, standing up and shaking his finger threateningly, "by allowing a guest to be treated in this fashion? I'll have you reported, sir. I'll have you discharged." He pushed the box of cigarettes angrily across the table.

"Bring me some cigars," he snapped. As the old gentleman was lighting his cigar another man came up and reached for the coat which was hanging on the peg beside the indignant guest. He got a frown glance as he took the coat. The old man put up his finger, but was put down with a bang.

"What are you going to do with that coat, sir?" he asked.

"Put it on," answered the other calmly, handing it to a waiter.

"That is my coat, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir, it is my coat," replied the stranger, holding out his arm through the sleeves.

"That is my coat," he shouted. "Take it off."

"The old man, in a twinkling, took the box of cigarettes lying on the table.

"Ah," he said, "I see you have been trying the table for my cigarettes. Won't you have another?" he added, smiling.

"Where are my cigars?" cried the furious old gentleman.

"I'm sure I don't know," said the stranger quietly.

"Perhaps they're in your pocket here. I see our coats are not properly allied. I noticed that when I hung mine up."

The old man looked at his coat undisturbed on its peg.

"Have a cigar?" he said faintly.

"No, I thank you, I prefer cigarettes."

"Have a drink?"

"I thank you, I seldom drink."

"Hang it, waiter!" cried the old gentleman, "bring me my check. Are you going to keep me here all day?"

"Good day, sir," said the stranger.

"Good day," growled the irascible old gentleman. A moment later the stranger returned.

"The waiter," he said, "said that I have one of my cigarettes left." Just then the old gentleman snored loudly.

RELIGION WAS "LOOKING UP."

From The Leviston Journal.

The following story is told of old "Father Thayer." He once went from a certain town noted for its apathy in religious matters to a conference meeting, where his religious views were to be put to a severe test. On the condition of church work in each other's locality. Presently some one asked Father Thayer how the religious situation was in his own town.

"Oh," replied that gentleman, "religion is looking up in —"

"In what direction?" asked some one, as such a declaration seemed directly contrary to general report.

"How is this?" was asked. "Is there any general awakening of the churches?"

"No."

"Any special interest on the part of those outside the churches?"

"No."

"Well, then, how do you explain your remark that religion is looking up in —"

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Apia, Samoa Islands, January 28
Tuesday, December 30, was an important day in the history of Samoa. The arrival of the Chief Justice marked a new era for its people. Arrangements had been made in San Francisco with the Oceanic Steamship Company to have the mail steamer call at Apia, instead of Tutuila, and thus to bring the Chief Justice directly into port without transfer into a small cutter at Tutuila. When the Alameda appeared off the mouth of the harbor numerous boats containing committees and deputations of citizens of all nationalities boarded the vessel to welcome and congratulate Count Cederström on his safe arrival. The first boat to go alongside the steamer was that of Seumann, native Governor of the Tuamasa, and into this boat, presented by the American Government to Seumann, the Chief Justice and his private secretary, Lieutenant Ulfspärre, descended and were conveyed ashore. As soon as they landed they were met by the Consuls, who gave them a hearty and earnest greeting, and escorted them to the International Hotel, where a large number of citizens had assembled. From here



The King's soldiers escorted the Chief Justice to his apartments, at the house of a countryman whom he had known in his native land.

The following day, about 10 o'clock, an interview occurred between the Chief Justice, King Mafetao, and all the Council. The King came outside of his house and welcomed the party and invited them inside, where he expressed his own pleasure and that of his Government at the arrival of the Chief Justice. He also expressed his thankfulness to the German Emperor, the Queen of Great Britain, and the President of the United States for their labor in behalf of Samoa, and his appreciation of the services of the King of Sweden in naming Count Celeranzky as Chief Justice of Samoa. The Chief Justice replied that the three Powers had desired him to use his greatest endeavors to promote the reconciliation and harmony of Samoa; that the King of Sweden was kindly disposed to King Mafetao, and his own personal feelings prompted him to the exercise of his best endeavors in the service of Samoa. Pan, one of the greatest orators among the people and also one of the principal chiefs, made an eloquent speech of greeting, to which the Chief Justice replied in a few brief words of gratification for the cordial support tendered to him.

After the interview with the King the Chief Justice was met by the president of the Reception Committee, who read an address previously prepared, congratulating the Count on his safe arrival, assuring him of a sincere welcome from the people of all parts of the island, and promising a hearty and loyal support to his administration. To this address the Chief Justice made response in fitting words. He said:

"There is one condition without which no great work can be done by me, without which there can be no success at all. You are all interested in this, as well as the natives in the islands. That condition is that you will all help me in my work. It is a great thing to ask for. I ask you to sacrifice private interests if they stand in the way of public good. I ask you to forget personal feelings if they are opposed to the public welfare. I ask you to remember, white men as well as natives, that we have common interests; interests that one ought to think before everything else. It is a great thing to ask for, but I trust that it will be done."

That Count Celeranzky thus made a careful study of Samoa, its people, foreign citizens and various political phases is apparent from time to time in the remarks he lets fall. He has discovered the true inwardness of the troubles of this country and what is necessary to counteract them and place these clashing interests on a substantial and harmonious basis. When he appeals to individuals to forget personal feelings and private interests he strikes the keynote of the whole situation. For years the public good has been sacrificed to minister to personal spite and rivalry, and the furtherance of private interests and political schemes.

The new Chief Justice inspires the feeling that he possesses of immense determination and energy. That he has favorably impressed the people in general is unquestionable. Expressions of good-will and hearty sympathy in his work are heard on all sides. His office will be no sinecure, and it will indeed be difficult to harmonize and cement into one firm Government the elusive and vacillating factions of the Samoan people, who are so utterly unaccustomed to no dependence can be placed on them. If successful in his endeavors to place Samoa on a sound footing with a stable Government, and to stifle all foreign national prejudice, he will achieve a success that will vouch for the most remarkable qualities and still further confirm the satisfactory reports concerning his ability and qualifications. He is said to have made the remark that there should be perfect equality in the treatment of all persons; that the natives should have the same privileges as the whites; that a Samoan should have the same just treatment as a white man. That is a new doctrine in this community.

None too soon came the Chief Justice to these islands. For days, weeks and months his arrival was eagerly looked for. The long continued suspense and non-appearance was steadily having its effect on the native population.

There has been an attempt of late on the part of the Germans to keep up and foster the feeling of rebellion against the Mafetao Government by secretly encouraging Tamsiese to hold his followers together and not to get discouraged. It was rumored that the Germans had sent a letter to him at his headquarters up the coast to the effect that they would have two men-of-war there, urging him to stay where he was. Matafafa, the chief of the island, replied that it is only a few days since his petition was addressed to the Chief Justice, urging that Matafafa be made King in place of Mafetao. A copy of the petition was placed in the hands of the American Consul-General, who very plainly gave Matafafa to understand that he could not be King, and the sooner he got over such ideas the better for all concerned. The feeling of disquiet and insurrection was marked up to the time of the arrival of the Chief Justice. It was feared on the day of arrival even that there would be fighting among the Samoans. Parties of warriors, armed and with their war-paint smeared over their faces, were scattered all about the town and the neighborhood. The war cloud lifted, and, drifting away, left all below peaceful and serene, greatly to the satisfaction of the white population.

On December 31 Fanaua, "Maid of the Village" of Apia, daughter of Senamua, was married to one of the white residents, and the Chief Justice signified his interest in Samoan social affairs by

attending the wedding dinner in the afternoon and a ball in honor of the occasion in the evening, taking part in the festivities. At the dinner, which was spread on the ground on coconut-leaf mats under a canopy of native cloth of the bark of trees, were many of the white foreign population. Among the number seated at one end of the table was Robert Louis Stevenson. On January 3, 1891, the Chief Justice issued a proclamation informing the people of Samoa and the foreign residents of the islands of his arrival and his assumption of the duties of office.

On the day of the arrival of the Chief Justice Tamasese came into Apia for the first time, it was said, since the war—ostensibly to consult a doctor on account of ill-health. It was said to be a fact that Dr. Steubel, the German Consul-General, made a request to the King for the key of the Government House on Malulu Point, that Tamasese might lodge there while in town. The King properly declined to accede to the request, saying there were other houses where he could be accommodated. The presence of Tamasese and his large following was considered by the American Consul as a menace to the peace of the different parties, and he insisted on Tamasese being sent away without delay. He remained on the spot until the disturbing elements were embarked in their boats and were out of the harbor. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Sewall for his firm and determined attitude in the matter. The German flagship Leipzig, Admiral Valois commanding, after remaining here in the harbor for several weeks, sailed for China on January 5. On the evening of January 3 a grand ball was given in honor of the vessel by the Germans. In the evening several natives, to whom beer and gin had been surreptitiously supplied, engaged in an altercation, which threatened to result in a general riot. During the disturbance three chiefs from Tutuila, of the Tamasese party, indulged in obnoxious remarks toward King Malietoa, even making the assertion that he was not the King. The Chief Justice promptly had them arrested and thrown into prison, and it is hoped such offenders will be severely dealt with from the start.

The American Consul-General gave a dinner in honor of the Chief Justice at the Consulate, the guests including the Consuls and a few of the prominent people of Apia.

In the early part of January one of the sailors of the American man-of-war Iroquois was murdered. The body was mutilated in a most horrible manner. The vessel was laying at Pago Pago. It seems that the previous night several of the sailors had been on shore engaged in a game of poker, and, as the game was not finished, two of them left the ship the following night, quietly slipping into the water and swimming ashore, their object being to finish the play. In the night one returned to the ship with the story that he had seen nothing of his comrade after leaving the vessel. He claimed that the current had separated them, carrying one to a different part of the beach; that, on his landing, he followed the shore to a certain point with the expectation of finding his companion there, but saw nothing of him. The next day the body of the missing man was found floating in the harbor, minus head, both arms and one leg, and with a number of horrible gashes and cuts across the body. The corpse was evidently thrown into the harbor in the expectation that the sharks would devour it or mangle it in such a manner that the cause and method of death would be covered up. From the manner in which the arms and leg were severed from the body some people were of the opinion that it was the work of a native, especially because of the rumor that there was "a woman in the case." What gave an air of probability to the idea was the manner in which

abbreviated—made of the beautiful red leaves of a certain plant, richly oiled with scented coconut oil. These girdles are called "Titis." Fanciful wrappings of tapa cloth formed headresses, some being built extremely high, while around the neck and attached to the arm many were circles of teeth of wild animals and the tusks of wild boars. Bands of fragrant bark and flowers were fastened above the knees and at the ankles, and, to complete the costume, the entire bronze body was anointed with odorous coconut oil, which glistened in the sun. This advancing column proved to be the village of Sa-futalafu, from the Fasaalealega District of Savaii, and their appearance was very martial and imposing. At the head of the procession came two young girls, "maids of the village," accompanied by several men, who acted as clowns, all capering and dancing about. One man carried a large tin can, which he beat with a stick in lieu of a drum, the others throwing up in the air and catching as they came down the peculiar-shaped knives with which they cut off heads in battles. The two girls wore head-dresses called "Tutua," made of bleached false hair, strapped on tight to their own, and built up in loose flowing masses, surmounted by plumes made by covering light reeds with small, brilliant red feathers. Numerous bands of beads and shells, as well as small mirrors, were added, producing an effect gratifying in the extreme. The value they attach to this headgear is rather startling, \$100 being refused in some places. Some cannot be purchased at any price.

The warriors having advanced in front of the camp, placed the presents on the grass and retreated, the Chief Justice ordered to the villages for the villages that followed. The next village to come forward was Napaipali, the home of the family of Malietoa. One of the dancing girls in this village was the Chief Justice's niece, who wore the "Titi," which was given at the close of the "Tabalo." Fola, one of the native magistrates, acted as master of ceremonies, and conducted each village to the square, presenting the chiefs, as well as small mirrors, and the Chief Justice. The "Tulafales"—orators—knelt to the King and Chief Justice and shook hands with the Consuls. That the Samoan is not devoid of humor was manifested in the case of the chief of the village of tall fellow, with blackened face, convulsed the crowd by his facial contortions and witticisms discharged point blank at the guests under the group of chiefs. The chief of the village of "Tulafale" called "Tutua," made of bleached false hair, strapped on tight to their own, and built up in loose flowing masses, surmounted by plumes made by covering light reeds with small, brilliant red feathers. Numerous bands of beads and shells, as well as small mirrors, were added, producing an effect gratifying in the extreme. The value they attach to this headgear is rather startling, \$100 being refused in some places. Some cannot be purchased at any price.

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